

*The Historie of*

wicht with the rogues company. If the rascal haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, jle be handg: it cold not be else, I haue drunke medicines, *Poynes, Hal*, a plague on you both. *Bardoll, Peto*, lie starue ere jle rob a foot further: and t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to turne true man, and to leane these Rogues, I am the veriest Vailet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yardes of vneuen ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me: and the stony hearted Villaines know it well enough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot be true one to another.

*They whistle.*

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue me my Horle, you rogues, Giue me my Horle, and be hangd.

*Prim.* Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

*Fals.* Haue you any leauers to lift me vp again being down? Zbloud, lie not beare mine owne flesh so far afoot againe for all the Coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: what a plague mean ye to colt me this?

*Prince.* Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted,

*Fals.* I prethee good *Prince Hal*, helpe mee to my horle, Good Kings sonne.

*Prince.* Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

*Fals.* Go hang thy selfe in thine owne Heire apparant Garters: if I be tane, jle peach for this: and I haue not Ballades made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of Sacke be my poyson: when ieast is so forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

*Enter Gads-bill.*

*Gad.* Stand.

*Fal.* So I doe against my will.

*Poin.* O tis our setter, I know his voice: *Bardol* what newes?

*Bar.* Case yee, case ye; on with your Vizards, ther's mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

*Fals.* You lie you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tauerne.

*Gad.* There's enough to make vs all.

*Fals.* To be hangd.

*Prince.* You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane: *Ned Poynes* and I, will walke lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

*Par.*

*Henry*

*Peto.* But how many be t

*Gad.* Some eight or ten.

*Fals.* Zounds, will they n

*Prince.* What? a coward

*Fals.* Indeed I am not *Iob* yet no coward, *Hal*.

*Prince.* Well, weele leaue

*Poynes.* Sirra *Iack*, thy hor thou needest him, there thou

*Fals.* Now cannot I strike

*Prince.* *Ned*, where are ou

*Poynes.* Heere hard by sta

*Fals.* Now my maisters, h man to his buines.

*Enter the*

*Tra.* Come neighbor. th the hill, weele walke a foote a

*Theeues.* Stay.

*Fals.* Strike, downe with th horeson caterpillars! Bacon downe with them, fleece the

*Tra.* O, we are vndone, b

*Fals.* Hang ye gorbellied chuffes, I would your store v ye knaues? yong men must li weele iure ye yfaith.

*Heere they rob th*

*the Prince,*

*Prince.* The theeues haue thou and I rob the theeues, a be argument for a weeke, la iest for euer.

*Poynes.* Stand close, I hear

*Enter the thee*

*Fals.* Come my maisters, le fore day: and the *Prince* & *Po* theres no equity stirring, the than in a wild Ducke.